



Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

—  
**ZULBAR.**

**AN INDIAN TALE.**

(Concluded.)

"ONE idea still consoled me ; it was, that the people were happier than they had been under my predecessors, although they were still oppressed by the nairs. The licence these great personages enjoyed, made them think they were above the laws. I seized an occasion of undeceiving them. The magistrate of police one morning informed me that two young nairs having sought a quarrel the day before with a poor weaver, had beaten him with their sticks until he expired under their blows. I immediately sent for the two nairs, heard the avowal of their crime, shewed them the law by which they were condemned, and had them delivered up to the elephants.

All the courtiers were indignant at this unexampled justice. My sister with difficulty saved my life : but I became the idol of the people, who called me their friend, their father ; and thought, that as

I had supported them when they were attacked, I should do the same if they commenced hostilities. The next day, two weavers having quarrelled with a nair, made him expire under their blows. I sent for the two weavers, heard the avowal of their crime, shewed them the law by which they were condemned, and had them delivered up to the elephants.

"From this instant I became the execration of those who had the day before adored me ; and as I had no sister among the people to appease them, an immense armed crowd surrounded my palace, guided by former friends. My slaves opened the doors, and my wives shewed them my chamber. I had only time to escape by an unknown subterraneous passage, which communicated with the country ; I exchanged my clothes with a mendicant, and sought refuge in an impenetrable wood. But soon, notwithstanding the perils I had endured, the friendship I bore my sister induced me again to enter the city. On my arrival, I heard the town-crier offering a reward of a thousand pieces of gold for my head ; and I learned that Balkis, divorced from the king, had just

been conducted out of his dominions. Still disguised, I endeavoured to follow my sister's steps ; wandering from desert to desert, walking all night, and hid during the day, not daring to pass through the villages, but when compelled by hunger to ask charity.—Alas ! I was refused even at the door of my own house ; I bathed with tears the steps of my former dwelling, and was near expiring with hunger before that asylum which had so often been open to receive the unfortunate. At last, after innumerable fatigues, and having braved death a thousand times, having drank the last dregs of the cup of misfortune, I quitted the kingdom of Tipra, but could not find Balkis. I feel I cannot live uncertain of her fate ; and, without your interposition, a blow from my poignard would have delivered me from my insupportable calamities. Do you still think them merited ?”

“ Yes,” answered the ant. Why did you believe the fakir who praised your talents ? why conduct your sister before the king ? why accept the place of vizier ? I could ask you why you did many other things. You did not then know, my friend, that the only blessing in this world is retirement. Retirement ! gift of God ! which Brama grants only to his favourites. Sweet retirement ! source of peace and happiness ! this you possessed, mistaken man, and took great pains to lose this inestimable trea-

sure ! You tormented yourself, to furnish fortune with weapons for your own destruction.

“ I was not born with half the advantages you received from nature. I was the eldest son of the king of Baghadour ; I was to have inherited his empire ; and without the advice of a Bramin, one of my friends, I should not have avoided this misfortune.— This Bramin, named Dabchelim, initiated me early into the mysteries of wisdom, a study which is generally thought difficult, tedious, and complicated ; but which consists only in two maxims : To injure no one, and live in obscurity.

“ At the age of seventeen, my rank, my elevation, and the throne which threatened me, were the objects of my aversion. I began to know mankind ; I had just seen my country torn by a civil and sanguinary war, the most tremendous that has ever been witnessed on the borders of the Ganges. The cause of this dreadful war was nothing but that one tribe had required the privilege of wearing pointed caps ; another that every body should wear round caps ; and the incensed madmen burnt the harvests, the villages, massacred their fathers and their brothers, the one for having those caps which had never cured them of an headache : the other for having torn off that head-dress they loudly abused and secretly envied.

“ So much pride and atrocity,



obstinacy, and ignorance, did not inspire me towards human nature with the contempt it deserved, but with the commiseration each fellow creature should feel for a brother. I resolved to fly, and hide myself amidst the solitude of deserts, to avoid the misfortune of living with such wicked madmen. My father died, and, that very day, leaving an authentic writing, by which I yielded to my brother my crown and rights. I departed, accompanied by Dabchelim. We came and established ourselves in this solitary forest, which is more mysterious than you imagine.

"Here we built a hut, and planted in our garden the trees which were most necessary for our support; we cultivated the earth, and our tranquil days were crowned with virtue, labour, and friendship. Here, free from care, without having once been visited by affliction or illness, unknown to the world and forgotten, we remained one hundred years, enjoying together the charms of peace, the greatest of all blessings, and that delightful repose which poor worldly mortals cannot comprehend while the pleasures of friendship, augmented by solitude, replaced all the vain amusements we had chosen to forego, and increased the joy we mutually tasted. How true was our happiness—the age that our existence lasted, appeared but a fleeting moment. Our white beards alone made us perceive that we were fast approaching the term of our

career; yet our minds were not impaired by age: when, to heighten our felicity, Brama visited us in a dream: "Sons of Adimo, he said, you have known real bliss; the time is arrived when your souls must forsake the prison of clay they have so long inhabited, and pass through the various changes which the will of Visnou has ordained. But you shall not be separated, your abode will be changed, but not your manners. Live again to be for ever happy; to love each other, and to be industrious in retirement."

"At these words he vanished away, and suddenly awaking, I found I was under a bush of thyme, by the side of my friend, who, like myself, was changed into an ant. Delighted with our new state of existence, we thought it a blessing to be permitted to have the same sentiments and the same affections as before, to fill less space in creation. We dug a cave beneath the bush of thyme; we explored the environs of our new dwelling, and learned that all the animals in this forest had been human beings like ourselves. Some happy, some unhappy, punished or rewarded, according to their deserts; the wicked become reptiles, fed upon their own venom; turned into mice, misers died with hunger in the midst of their stores; the vicious are changed into wasps, and expire by the side of an honey comb; conquerors, warriors, and all those who, fired with the love

of glory, spread terror and devastation over the world, are become timid deer, and are doomed to suffer as many deaths as they have inflicted in the field of battle; while just kings turned into bees, faithful husbands into doves, and virtuous men into various birds, work, love, and sing, as they did formerly.

"Such are the inhabitants of this wood, called the wood of metamorphoses. For forty years I have been an ant with my dear Dabchelim. We are contented with each other's company, and among the animals that surround us, have only chosen to make acquaintance with a lion, called Darud. This seems to astonish you, but you know not, my friend, that when the soul is freed from its human clay, it is no more susceptible of pride, and sees no difference between animated matter of any species. To her, as to Brama, a lion and an ant are equal. This brave and worthy animal, whom we visit almost every day, was once a common soldier, and fought sixty years for his country; for sixty years he was virtuous, incorruptible, and valiant, but always forgotten by his sovereign. The injustice of men let him die a soldier, but Brama made him a lion. It is he who often devours conquerors, rebels, and the disturbers of nations, now become timid deer; it is he who avenges humanity after having defended its rights. This morning he came to see us, and I left Dab-

chelim with him. I left our abode against the advice of my brother, who vainly represented to me that the leaves being wet, I might meet with some accident. I did not believe him, and reached this wild rose tree; when, attempting to get on one of the roses, a leaf, dripping with rain, fell upon me, and, without your assistance, would have crushed me. Thus you see, Zulbar, that I had drawn this misfortune upon myself, for having forgotten the maxim of the sage, which says, during the storm, and long after it is spent, do not leave the bosom of thy friend.

"If you will become our friend, if your misfortunes, as I imagine, have disgusted you with the vanities of the world, which thoughtless beings sigh for, I offer you the hut which Dabchelim and I built. There your days will glide in peace, you will be quiet and unknown, and you will find yourself happy, if you are persuaded of this truth, which I received from Dabchelim: "it is better to be silent than to speak, to sit than to stand, to sleep than to be awake, and the supreme good, is death."

The ant ceased: and more affected than astonished at this recital, Zulbar accepted his offer with gratitude. The hope of ending his existence in this retreat, filled his soul with joy; but the recollection of Balkis mixed his joy with sorrow. Guided by the ant, he set off in search of Dabchelim;



when, having proceeded a few steps, they heard a loud roar, that made Zulbar shudder and stop. "Be not afraid," said the ant, "it is our friend Darud, who is doing justice." They soon reached the bush of thyme, where the two friends lived; and the first object that struck Zulbar's eyes, was a woman lying senseless on the ground, at whose feet an enormous lion was placed, holding in his bloody claws the mangled body of a man. Zulbar, recoiling, uttered a scream, but soon rushed forward, and terror being overcome by joy, clasped Balkis in his arms. It was she! it was his sister! who, conducted to the frontiers of Tipra, had been followed by the ungrateful fakir, whom Zulbar's protection had raised from obscurity, and who had conceived a criminal passion for her. Alone and helpless, in the midst of a forest, she would have fallen a victim to his brutality, had not Darud, attracted by her shrieks, rescued her, by tearing the fakir in twain; after which exploit extended at her feet, he awaited with anxiety the moment when she should recover her senses.

Zulbar's attention and voice soon recalled her to life. She opened her eyes, knew her brother, and, springing into his arms, pressed him to her heart. Then turning to the lion, who threw upon them looks of anxious interest, both encircled his neck, and shed tears of gratitude upon his flowing mane, while the two ants, affected at this

pleasing scene, shared their joy and happiness.

Dabchelim and Darud learned, from the ant, Zulbar's adventures, and assured him, as well as the Prince of Baghadour, of their eternal friendship. They led him and his sister into the hut they were to inhabit. Darud took his post at the door; Dabchelim and his friend, fixed their abode in the garden; and Zulbar, and his beloved Balkis, surrounded at last with reasonable beings, acknowledged, that to be happy, sincere friends, and an obscure retreat, alone are necessary.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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From Espriella's Letters,—Published by D. Longworth.

#### LETTER XI.

I HAVE employed this morning in wandering about this huge metropolis with an English gentleman, well acquainted with the manners and customs of foreign countries, and therefore well qualified to point out to me what is peculiar in his own. Of the imposing splendour of the shops I have already spoken; but I have not told you that the finest gentlemen to be seen in the streets of London, are the men who serve at the linen-draper's and mercers'. Early in the morning they are drest cap-apied, the hair feathered and frost-

ed with a delicacy which no hat is to derange through the day ; and as this is a leisure time with them they are to be seen after breakfast at their respective shop-doors, paring their nails, and adjusting their cravats. That so many young men should be employed in London to recommend laces and muslins to the ladies, to assist them in the choice of a gown, to weigh out thread, and to measure ribbons, excited my surprise ; but my friend soon explained the reason. He told me, that in countries where women are the shopkeepers, shops are only kept for the convenience of the people, and not for their amusement. Persons there go into a shop because they want the article which is sold there, and in that case a woman answers all the purposes which are required ; the shops themselves are mere repositories of goods, and the time of year of little importance to the receipts. But it is otherwise in London ; luxury here fills every head with caprice, from the servant-maid to the peeress, and shops are become exhibitions of fashion. In the spring, when all persons of distinction are in town, the usual morning employment of the ladies is to go a-shopping, as it is called ; that is, to see these curious exhibitions. This they do without actually wanting to purchase any thing, and they spend their money or not, according to the temptations which are held out to gratify and amuse. Now the female shop-keepers, it is said, have not

enough patience to indulge this idle and fastidious curiosity ; whereas young men are more assiduous, more engaging, and not all querulous about their loss of time.

It must be confessed that these exhibitions are very entertaining, nor is there any thing wanting to set them off to the greatest advantage. Many of the windows are even glazed with large panes of plate glass, at a great expence ; but this I am told, is a refinement of a very late date ; indeed glass windows were seldom used in shops before the present reign, and they who deal in woolen cloth have not yet universally come into the fashion.

London is more remarkable for the distribution of its inhabitants, than any city on the continent. It is at once the greatest port in the kingdom, or in the world, a city of merchants and tradesmen, and the seat of government where the men of rank and fashion are to be found, and though all these are united together by contiguous streets, there is an imaginary line of demarkation which divides them from each other. A nobleman would not be found by any accident to live in that part which is properly called the City, unless he should be confined for treason or sedition in Newgate or the Tower. This is the eastern side ; and I observe whenever a person says that he lives at the west end of the town, there is some degree of consequence connected with the situa-



tion : for instance, my taylor lives at the west end of the town, and consequently he is supposed to make my coat in a better style of fashion : and this opinion is carried so far among the ladies, that if a cap was known to come from the city, it would be given to my lady's woman, who would give it to the cook, and she perhaps would think it imprudent not to inquire into its pedigree. A transit from the city to the west end of the town, is the last step of the successful trader, when he throws off his *exuviae* and emerges from his chrysalis state into the butterfly world of high life. Here are the Hesperides, whither the commercial adventurers repair not to gather, but to enjoy their golden fruits.

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To the Editor of the Lady's Miscellany

SIR,

I WAS engaged the other night to visit a mixed company of both sexes ; a set of men whom I observed there, succeeded so well with the ladies, that it very much astonished me.—I mean those smart young gentlemen, who deal chiefly in *little ware*, and give themselves conceited airs whenever they happen to meet a stranger, who is unacquainted with their characters. I was often at a loss in the course of the evening to know whether I should address my gentleman with " my lord," or " your grace ;" or whether he would be

content with the simple " Mr."—

On hearing one converse very learnedly on politics, I asked a lady who sat near me, if the gentleman was not some official character, or if he had not been educated for some public employment ? She answered, with a smile, that she believed not, for he had but lately left his master's shop-board, and was now set up for himself ; but that he was a great politician, and had made very laudable exertions at the late election, to procure the success of his favourite ticket, which he swore would never have miscarried but for the underhanded means made use of by the opposite party. As I was somewhat a stranger in this assembly, and had accompanied the lady at her particular request, I was a little inquisitive as to the other characters who composed it. I found they were all of this description to a man ; which, to be sure, one might easily have discovered from the tenor of their conversation, and the affected peculiarity of their manners. Expressing my surprise to my companion, that the ladies appeared to be so much delighted with these finical gentlemen, I observed her to blush extremely.—It was too late to repent of my indiscretion ; and recovering myself a little, for to be sure I looked somewhat foolish on the occasion, I begged the lady would not misunderstand me, I did not mean to derogate from the character of any in the room.—Far from it—I had only expressed my wonder that the ladies should

tolerate the flippant nonsense, and affected carriage of these young fellows, while gentlemen of sense and understanding were sometimes barely noticed, because they were a little awkward in their manners, and somewhat unfashionable in their appearance. She positively denied the charge, and told me with some warmth, that my observation must have been limited indeed, if I had formed such an opinion.—It was a duty, she said, she owed to her sex to clear them from the imputation, and hoped she should be able to convince me that I was very much out in my judgment.—She would venture to say there were very few ladies of any understanding, who did not invariably prefer, and avowedly too, a gentleman of sense and education, to any pert Jack-a-napes whatever. If they sometimes humoured them in their frivolity, it was not because they could not discriminate between them and men of sense, and that they should not fail to do so, when an opportunity was given them—we were very apt, she said, to make these charges against them, but she could assure me it was only from our ignorance of the sex—that all men were not such as I had described, and it would certainly be very unpardonable in them, if they did not treat us with politeness when we avoided doing any thing to incur their displeasure. It was true she did not think that we paid a very great compliment to their understanding, when we supposed they were better pleased

to be treated, like children, than like grown persons; but that since we had conceived so poor an opinion of them, and since that opinion had become general among us, she was sorry to say that they were obliged to submit to it, and to be compelled to hear all the foolish things our sex were pleased to say to them.—For her part, she held heartily in contempt any man who would treat her with disrespect because she was a woman; or refuse to enter into a rational conversation with her, because he supposed her understanding was unequal to it—she did not see that the gentlemen of the present company were so very exceptionable as I had represented them to be—she believed they were pretty much like most young gentlemen: for it was a custom among us, and that in the best of companies too, to value ourselves upon the agreeableness of our trifling.—It was recommended by one of the politest men we boast of, as a necessary qualification to the character of a gentleman, and she presumed it was for that reason we had prided ourselves upon it—she allowed that many of the sex were pleased with the character I have mentioned; but this was in strict conformity with our own ideas, since we were pleased to consider the conversation of such men that only in which a lady could join, with any credit to herself. It was a great pity, she said, we had reduced them to the necessity of listening to such stuff, if we thought it un-



becoming in them to do so ; she doubted not I very well understood their wishes in this respect, they generally studied to please the men, whom they were taught to consider so much their superiors in sense and understanding, that it was therefore in a great measure in our power to make them what we would have them to be—She hoped also for the sake of the sense we pretended to, that we took some pains to please them, which she thought they had as good a right to insist on, in their way, as we had ; but she must take the liberty to inform me, that if we expected to do so by under-rating their talents, we had grossly mistaken their characters, and that the sooner we would condescend to treat them like *women*, the sooner they would believe we were entitled to the superiority we claimed over them :—So saying, she tapped me on the shoulder with her fan, “come,” said she, “let me take you from such disagreeable company.”—I bowed in silence, and conducted the lady in safety to her lodgings. Yours,

T. FICKLE.

June 14th.

VOLTAIRE had a tragedy and a ship, each called Brutus. The tragedy was damned, and the ship made a good voyage. “Well,” said the wit, “one Brutus made amends for the other.”

For the Lady's Miscellany.

## VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

### CHARACTER OF A FINE WOMAN.

SOPHIA is a woman of family, and of a good disposition ; she has a heart easily affected, and her exquisite sensibility sometimes gives her a sprightliness of imagination, which is difficult to be controuled. Her understanding is less judicious than acute ; her temper is easy, but nevertheless unequal ; her figure nothing extraordinary, but agreeable ; she has a countenance which gives earnest of a soul, and does not deceive you. You may accost her with indifference, but you cannot leave her without emotion. Others are endowed with good qualities in which she is deficient ; others possess those, which she is mistress of, in greater perfection ; but none have qualities better blended to form a complete character. She knows how to make her defects turn to her advantage ; and if she was more perfect, she would be much less agreeable.

Sophia is not beautiful : but when the men are near her, they neglect the handsome women, and the beauties are dissatisfied with themselves. She is scarce tolerable at first sight, but the more you see her, the more lovely she appears ;

she improves by that which impairs others, and what she gains she never loses. Many may boast finer eyes, a handsomer mouth, a more commanding figure; but no one can have a better turned shape, a fairer complexion, a whiter hand, a more delicate foot, a more benign aspect, a more bewitching countenance.—Without dazzling, she engages, she charms, and no one can tell how.

Sophia loves dress, and understands it; her mother has no waiting woman but her; she has a fine taste in displaying herself to advantage, but she has an aversion to rich clothes. In her dress, you always see simplicity united with elegance; she is not fond of what glitters, but of what is becoming. She is a stranger to what colours are in fashion, but she knows exactly what suits her complexion. No young lady seems to have bestowed less thought about dress, and yet there is no one whose apparel is more studied; not a part of her attire is taken at random, and yet art is no where conspicuous. Her dress is extremely modest in appearance, and yet very coquetish in fact; she does not make a display of her charms, she conceals them; but in concealing them, she knows how to affect your imagination. Every one who sees her, will say, "There is a modest and discreet girl," but while you are near her, your eyes and affections wander all over her person, so that you cannot with-

draw them; and you would conclude, that every part of her dress, simple as it seems, was only put in its proper order, to be taken to pieces by the imagination.

#### DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

Love is like the devil, because it torments; like heaven, because it wraps the soul in bliss; like salt, because it is relishing; like pepper, because it often sets one on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is often the death of a man; like a prison, because it makes a man miserable; like wine, because it makes us happy; like a man, because he is here to day, and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of her; like a ship, because it guides one to the wished-for port:—like a Will o' th' wisp, because it often leads one into a bog; like a fierce courser, because it often runs away with one; like a little poney, because it ambles nicely with one; like the bite of a mad dog, or like the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man run mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing like it. In a word, it is like a ghost, because it is like every thing, and like nothing; often talked about, but never seen, touched, or understood.

One of the German literati has discovered that the word in Hebrew, which is commonly transla-



ted *rib*, more properly signifies *tongue*, and consequently that Eve was taken out of Adam's *tongue*. This is not at all unlikely.

A Monk preaching to the populace, made a most enormous and uncouth noise, by which a good woman, one of his auditors, was so much affected, that she burst into a flood of tears. The preacher, attributing her grief to remorse of conscience, excited within her by his eloquence, sent for her, and asked her why she was so piteously affected by his discourse. Holy father, answered the mourner, I am a poor widow, and was accustomed to maintain myself by the labour of an ass, which was left me by my late husband.—But, alas! my poor beast is dead, and your *preaching* brought his *braying* so strongly to my recollection, that I could not restrain my grief.

The following circumstance took place in New-York, previous to the revolution. A respectable Jew was so unfortunate as to incur the ill will of an influential neighbour, who, in resentment, proposed him as candidate, and actually obtained his election to the office of constable—in vain he endeavoured to procure his discharge. “Well,” said he, “I will do my duty then.” Sunday came; he seated himself in front of his house. A servant passed with a burden—he took it from him—another went to the pump for water—he took the bucket from him, ordered him home,

saying, “I will permit no sabbath breaking, while it is my duty to prevent it.” A consultation took place, and a complaint entered against him in court, where he so well justified himself, that the award favored him.—He was never again elected constable.

At that period, in conformity to European prejudices, it was customary to treat the individuals of this scattered nation with utter contempt, and on all occasions to insult them:—since then, these prejudices have gradually worn off, until scarce a vestige remains. We now rejoice in their prosperity, and are pleased to see them assume that respectable rank in society, to which many of them, for their virtues, are so eminently entitled;—In our principal cities, these associate in the most respectable circles—their females are most amiable among the amiable—their young men in loftiness of mind, equal to the most noble; despising all meanness. In charity—unequalled in the giving of alms.—Generosity with them is not only habitual, but constitutional. These remarks are the consequence of long intimacy with some, and a close observation of them generally.

[American editor's notes to Esprill's Letters.]

A remarkable instance of insolent impiety occurred lately in a village near Bristol. A man, in derision of religion, directed in his

will, that his horse should be caparisoned, and led to his grave, and there shot, and buried with him, that he might be ready to mount at the resurrection, and start to advantage. To the disgrace of the country, this was actually performed; the executors and the legatees probably thought themselves bound to obey the will; but it is unaccountable why the clergyman did not interfere, and apply to the bishop.

ib.

### THE BRIDE.

Translated from the Italian of Metastasio.

WHAT form celestial greets my sight,  
In such a panoply of light,  
Whose robes of air so brightly flow,  
Like sun-tinged showers, or feathered snow?

Ah! 'tis the lovely queen of blisses,  
Of melting sighs, and tender kisses!  
She higher bends to shed her roses  
Over the couch where Love reposes;  
Softly lulled on Hymen's breast,  
His sufferings hushed, his cares at rest.  
And whence that group, that elfin bevy,  
That crowd the Hymeneal levy!  
With antic sport, and frolic leer,  
What brings the urchin rabble here?  
Ah! these are Venus' rosy boys,  
Her tiny sports, and roguish joys;  
These cunning loves and laughing wiles,  
Are thy sly brood, arch queen of smiles!  
See how their shafts they idly shiver,  
And empty every golden quiver,  
And break their bows in idle play,  
And fling their pointless darts away;  
For every dart has done its duty,  
And conquered in the cause of beauty,  
But whose soft sighs now meets my ear?  
Whence is the melting plaint I hear?  
Who comes so like a drooping flower,

Whose fair head bends beneath the shower,

That sheds its tear from zephyr's wing,  
And weeps amidst the smiles of spring?  
It is the BRIDE! but say, why flow  
From eyes of bliss the dewdrops of woe?  
And art thou then so wondrous simple?  
And seest thou not the roguish dimple  
That lurks in either cheek so fair,  
And mocks the tear that glitters there?  
And knowest thou not these wiles but

prove

The policy of timid Love!

### A Yankee trick.

LAST spring, at Columbia, in Pennsylvania, a modern fop, with a neat, natty tail, nicely queued, stood with a dagagee air, and an upturned nose, sneering and sniggering at the Yankees, who, in their homespun, were carrying out their rafts; one of them, a little nettled at the *fuffu's* insolence of manner, stepped up to him, and gently touching his tail, drawled out, "Pray, sir, do you sell cygars."—"No sir, replied our Narcissus, damme sir, what do you mean sir, by asking me if I sell cygars?"—throwing all his courage into the tones of his voice, and putting himself in a commanding attitude. "Why then, sir," said the Yankee, opening his pocket knife, "If you don't sell cygars, I'll cut off your sign!"—at the same instant, taking the dear little tail in his hand, he clipt it from the head of its consequential master, and deliberately returned to his business.

A country Jeweller, in England, advertises, that he has a number



of precious stones to dispose of—adding, that they *sparkle* like the *tears of a young widow*.

We publish the following anecdote, in hopes it will yield that pleasure to our readers which we experienced at its recital. The source from whence it comes, leaves little doubt of its authenticity.

A young girl, about seven or eight years of age, of a pious cast, and uncommonly fond of attending church on the sabbath, was asked by an Atheist, how large she supposed her God to be: to which she with admirable readiness replied—He is so great that the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, and yet so kindly condescending, as to *dwell in my little heart*.

#### ADDISON AND JOHNSON.

One of the biographers of Johnson, has given the following lively view of the comparative merits of these two eminent writers:

“As an essayist, Dr. Johnson yields to Addison. The wisdom of the former steps into our system, invested in all the stiff formality of her primitive magnificence: that of the latter comes cheerfully into our familiar habits, and appears amongst us like Apollo in his exile from heaven, a conscious divinity, in a garb of plainness. Johnson is fond of pomp, ceremony, and procession; he is the doge of Venice, proceeding with accumulated finery to celebrate his nuptials

with the Adriatic: while Addison, with more power and less state, comes amongst us like Peter the Great, and thinks nothing that belongs to life or manners, too minute for observation, too trifling for use, or too insignificant for description. His humour also, is more easy, more exuberant, and more natural. Not that Johnson is quite destitute of the quality; but what he has, is of the grand and epic cast. It would have enabled him to have given a tolerably correct idea of the language and character of the knight of La Mancha himself, but would have deserted him totally in attempting to convey the most remote similitude of his incomparable squire.

“Johnson’s stories and apoloques have also less of the glow of real life than Addison’s.—They have the rigidity of theatrical fabrication; the incidents are not badly made, but it is evident they are made. With all these drawbacks to his disadvantage, however, it is not to be denied, that we not unfrequently discover in the lucubrations of Johnson, instances of strong original observation, of commanding powerful combinations and of noble and sublime morality, such as we in vain hope to find in the neater pages of Addison.”

A Scholar declaiming in a college hall, having a bad memory, was at a stand, and, in a low voice, desired one who stood close by

him, to help him out : No, says the other, *you are out enough already.*

In the time of the Fronde at Paris, a man presented a dagger to the breast of Molé, menacing instant death unless he consented in parliament to some proposed decree which he thought prejudicial. "Know, my friend," said Mole, looking sternly at him, "the distance is infinite from the dagger of an assassin, to the heart of an honest man."

A person of quality one day showed Poussin a picture, done by by himself. "Signior," said Poussin, "you only want a little poverty to make you a good painter."

#### RELIGION.

Nectar, the celebrated financier of France, says, "The more we know of the world, its phantoms, and vain enchantments, the more we feel the want of a grand idea to elevate the soul above discouraging events, which continually occur." When we come to experience what is the life and substance of Religion, then we have this grand idea, which will raise up our souls even in this life, to behold the beauty of holiness, and keep our heads above the surging waves of misfortune's element ; and at our passage hence we shall find it a support, as a bridge whereon the soul may pass with safety into that country of everlasting happiness,

where all arrive who "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly."

To Correspondents.—Mr. Fickle will pardon our having made a slight alteration in his communication of this week. Political opinions we dare not meddle with.

We thank ARATUS for his favours—his original story we shall commence publishing in our next number.

Our correspondents are informed that a letter box is placed in the window of our office, for the reception of communications, &c.

#### MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, 14th inst. by the rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Benjamin Mercer, to Miss Eliza Delano, daughter of Mr. John Delano, all of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the rev. Dr. Beach, Daniel Tooker, Esq. of this city, to Mrs. Hannah Gates, of Ballstown.

At Greenwich, Dr. John Masters, of Red-Hook, to Miss Agnes Griffith, of this city.

On Thursday, the 16th inst. by the rev. Dr. Miller, Peter Hawes, esq. of this city, to Miss Margaretta Ray, of Digby, N. S.

At W. (Vir.) Mr. George Hudson, to Miss Seraphina Maria Corolina Matilda Juliana Sophia Ann Mansfield.

On Saturday the 11th inst. at Mount Pleasant, Capt. Wm. Hill, to Miss Charlotte Legget.

On Thursday the 16th inst. by the rev. Dr. Lyell, Mr. Silvin Sonnier, to Miss Ann Bajony, both of Philadelphia.





.....  
*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

*HORACE, Ode 4th... Book 1st.*

*To Lucius Sextius,—a description of Spring, and the brevity of life which inclines to pleasure.*

*"Solvitur acris hyems grata vice veris et Favoni."*

*Translation.*

FIERCE hyems slackens and returns the  
 spring,  
 Whose grateful change the cooling ze-  
 phyrs bring,  
 From their dry shores the massy ships  
 are drawn,  
 The flocks delight to roam the pleasing  
 lawn;  
 His fire the jovial farmer now resigns,  
 With glist'ning snow the mead no long-  
 er shines,  
 Cytherean Venus her fair dancers leads  
 By Luna's light to tread the flowery  
 meads;  
 Join'd hand in hand the nymphs and  
 graces meet,  
 And shake the earth around with quiver-  
 ing feet;  
 Whilst his huge forges ardent Vulcan  
 swells,  
 Incessant labouring in Cyclopean cells.  
 It pleases now the hoary head t'entwine  
 With the green myrtle or the fragrant  
 vine.  
 Now, too, to sacrifice it us behoves,  
 To rural FAUNUS in the shady groves.

With equal pace pale death relentless  
 drives

To where the plebian or the monarch  
 lives.

The space, O Sextius, by envious fate's  
 decree,

Of mortal life, is short to you and me.

The dreary night comes on, the fable  
 names

Tartarian realms, where exiled Pluto  
 reigns.

This all must see... 'tis not a place to  
 loose

By gaming dice, or kings of feasts to  
 choose.

Nor tender Lycidas will you there ad-  
 mire,

Who once the youths and virgins could  
 inspire.

ARATUS.

*New-York, June 18—1808.*

*HORACE, Ode 23d, Book 1st. to Chloe.*

*He represents to her that she is now mar-  
 riageable, and ought not to dread the  
 appearance of man.*

*"Vitas hinnuleo me similis Chloe."*

*Translation.*

Yow shun me, Chloe, like the fawn  
 That swiftly flies across the lawn  
 Seeking its mother, smit with fear,  
 O'er mountains wild, mid forests drear,  
 The zephyr thro' the thicket sighs;  
 She listens, fears, and swiftly flies,  
 Trembling in her heart and knees  
 At every leaf that bends the trees,  
 Whether the leaves spring's breezes  
 shake,  
 Or the green lizard moves the brake.  
 I come not with the tiger's power,  
 Or like the lion to devour.  
 Why then be by a mother led...  
 Come, come, my girl, 'tis time to wed!  
 ARATUS.

## THE ROSE.

THE rose, the sweetly blooming rose,  
E'er from the tree it's torn,  
Is like the charm which Beauty shows,  
In life's exulting morn.

But ah ! how soon its sweets are gone,  
How soon it withering dies !  
So when the eve of life comes on,  
Sweet Beauty fades and dies.

Then since the fairest form that's made,  
Soon withering we shall find,  
Let each possess what ne'er will fade,  
The beauty of the MIND.

## SEDUCTION.

On one parent stock, two white roses  
were growing,  
From buds just unloaded and lovely  
to view !  
Together they bloom'd, with the same  
sunbeam glowing,  
And anointed at night by the same  
balmy dew.

A spoiler beheld the fair twins, and un-  
sparing  
Tore one from the stem, like a gay  
victim dres'd,  
Then left its companion—his prize  
proudly bearing,  
To blush for an hour, e'er it died on  
his breast.

But ah for the widow'd one—shrivell'd  
and yellow,  
Its sleek silver leaves lost their deli-  
cate hue ;  
It sicken'd in thought, pin'd to death  
for its fellow,  
Rejected the sun beam, and shrunk  
from the dew.

Then where, ruthless spoiler ! ah, where  
is thy glory ?

Two flowers strewn in dust that might  
sweetly have bloom'd,  
A tomb is the record which tells thy  
proud story,  
Where beauty and love are untimely  
consum'd.

*German paper.*

.....

*Reply to an enquiry after a just standard  
of Female Beauty.*

Ask not of me the essential form  
That high-priz'd beauty bears ;  
Who shall describe the secret charm  
That every breast ensnares ?

Require the answer from your heart,  
For there the magic's found :  
Tis your own taste that points the dart,  
And bids our beauty wound.

.....

## EPIGRAM.

His noggin fill'd three parts with gin,  
Tom puts but little water in.  
And blam'd for this, the drunken lout,  
Answers you thus, with look devout—  
" St Paul, (and you'll allow him merit)  
Expressly says, " *Quench not the Spirit.*"

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yearly volumes, at one dollar each vol.

## TERMS.

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